THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

When all Around is Dark and Night.

By Edward J. Porter.

We may not meet again—
We may not sigh,
Or the sad parting's pain,
Though wearily
The time may wear away,
Pale by our bright ray,
Unchecked by hope or fear tone
The hopelessness breathed alone.
When only then we sigh
I hate not time the sage
Jen's spirit crossed,
At pleasure's dawn till'd age—
In bright wreaths bound,
Though gladness is no tale
Along the heavy hours glide,
From the those hues are gone
That, wreathing round it, shone
When only then were sigh.

The clouds it may not sweep
Across my sky, and the forms
Of the scene, entertained more
Of written thoughts unutterable
Of kind and curious observances
Some of exquisite art in China,
hats of Tartary dropped in on the
his nursery and heard him enquire
ed gracefully to one side, waving
ir gracious about to speak, when
th, when suddenly a change came
ce, and, to be received his mes-
d, it was with the greatest difficulty
eyes burst of laughter. The ques-
ult not calculated to suggest grave
f the first time in his life, found him
anxiety, and the former benevo-
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Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Ascension of Elijah.

The summer winds—I hear so fleet
Their touches near the trembling bell,
And fancy's cells they off unwell,
And forth her flower comes still
Upspringing from some lather isle,
How sparingly they steal along,
What gentle sighs upon each!
With stream like thoughts of love and song

When twilight gathers o'er the sky,
And hangs her mantle o'er the deep,
Lonely the chasing foliage by,
Then pass with softer and trembling sound
Now lingering near some blushing flower,
Then passed, and in their quiet eye plays
Shed down a soft and tearful power,
And has the rose like dew away.

Then wake to meet the rosy morn—
The wild bird's twittering, the song,
Upon their fresh long wings are borne
With every sigh, and every note
All spoke of triumph. In the
The summer winds—how still they breathe
Around the fervent brow and cheek
The freedom of the heavenly wreath!
Ah! how the sufferer longs to seek
The summer of the sunny land,
The scenes of grant a passeth ever—
It blows ever shonry's scented cot,
Yet plays it o'er the lofty hall,

It bears along each light perfume
Its active energy that wafts and fan—
Yet passes too, beside the tomb,
And waves its scented pinions there.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Sacred Thoughts.

By S. E. S.

The truest to watch, while thought is ever so strong,
The sacred spirits that around us play,
Their wild thrills of feeling and love prolong,
And pants to leave its treasures of clay.
The lofty mind—it is highly endowed,
Lament to themselves the preceding the gaze of Earth,
Or fathless hopes and brighter prospects soaring,
Dains in the skies do high and rapid birth.

Rising there the scene of Earth's pleasure,
A holier light in the mind would unfold
And chasing these regainment without measure,
Would fix a more heavenly mind.
The joys of Earth that smiling come around us,
With all the seeming witchery of their art,
Must crowd about us to keep us from the mind
Whose hallowed presence sanctifies the heart

And what the sparkling mind would grasp the treasures
The soul's ambition only is to earn,
Lasts's meager hopes and all its trifling pleasures,
Born of the dust must die and return.
The high born soul to mightier things aspiring,
Seeketh a dwelling in the upper air
Where it can roam, its gospel joys desiring,
Far from the reach of Pinsby or of Care.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Discovery;

A Tale in Short Chapters.

By William Wallace, Author of "Ferguson," "The Star Lyre," &c.

CHAPTER I.

The scene of our narrative is among those magnificent manifestations of nature, so often described by travellers, and yet, still but partially portrayed. The glacier of the Simmel, it has been said before, is among the mountain, assuming more of Heaven than earth—and the burning sun, or the silvery stars glittering down upon the ice—must seem to the wanderer as the spirits of the most loose in all their glorious magnificence, upon the eye, and the mind can only feel the might of Him

Who spread the waters, and who heaved the Alps."

Among these wilderness of marble, snows, and torrents, the spirit, however, may dwell, and the heart may feel, but the mind, alone, can not, and alluded to by many a hunter, which we intend to relate, occurred.

"The blast blows furiously, my son," said old Peter, as the tempest came rushing like the dark wing of a vulture, "and the cold will be severe, which fills the air with their home; "And," continued he, "you must not venture out to night."

"Father, I must!" was the reply, spoken in a tone of stern firm and respectful. "How could I forgive myself, if the poor traveller perished in the storm, when I, who know every chasm, glacier and precipice, remained by the warm hearth?"

The speaker was a finely formed young hunter of the Alps, who had numbered about twenty summers. His keen dark eye and commanding brow would not have had any one to believe that he was but a youth, but rugged form in one of the severest

"Roland," said he, "without you, what would I be but a poor old man, childless and companionless! Ah! think of me."

"Father,—Had known that you are dearer to me than aught else in this world. You know that I would not each me life, for, while you were living. But you wouldn't the danger. Have I not learned aught since myself perilous as this?"

The father could say no more, and the young man quickly prepared himself for the errand of mercy. After evening his boon and receiving the blessings of old Peter, he sallied forth.

"Heaven present him!" exclaimed the father, falling on his knees.

Oh! those who dwell in a land such as ours, where death is rarely caused by the wrathful elements—where no avalanche totters above our peaceful dwellings, and no precipice yawns before our trembling feet—cannot feel that reliance on Him who walks upon the wings of the wind and directs the flame-bolt—which awes and thrills the lonely heart of the Alpine dweller—whose life ever seems suspended by a breath. He awakes in the morning and finds the homestead of his neighbor buried beneath the terrible avalanche. He walks over the mountain-pathe and views an hundred memorials of those disasters which precipitated his fellow beings into eternity. Is it surprising then, that the peasant of those regions is so faithful to his religious duties, or, that he so often utters the prayer to his God?

Still armed and equipped passed the undaunted hunter, cautiously feeling his way amid the snow-covered chasms. Yet, notwithstanding his knowledge of those mountainous tracks, he would often pause and ponder, amid the darkness. More than once, was he compelled to lie down and wait until a blast of more than commonness force had swept over him. His only torch amid this perilous journey, was the irregular lightning, which, darting from the cloud, rendered the path, as it crossed the ice and glacier, and then left the scene wrapt in denser darkness than before.

Roland had struggled along for an hour, when a cry, loud and long, swept through the tempest and arrested his steps. He shouted, in answer, but no reply came back. The hunter instantly darted forward in the direction of the voice. His progress was soon arrested by a form lying upon the path, and stooping down to discover the nature of the obstacle, he found a human body, already becoming still and cold. Waiting for a flash of lightning, he saw, to his fatal dismay, that it was the old lender, Roland had time to collect his thoughts and take a survey, so much demanded by the exhaustion consequent on his exertions. He did not remain long.

All persons have heard of the sudden changes in the elements among the mountain regions of Italy. A flash of lightning followed by a rending bolt of thunder, and the herald of an immediate bush of the storm. As if by magic, the clouds rolled away; the blast died into a low whisper, and through the upper rifts, still remaining, sparkled out the silver stars, like angel messengers telling of heart and peace.

Roland immediately perceived, that, he had fortunately come to the aid of an aged person, who without his timely, and we may say, Providential assistance, would have shortly perished. The thin gray hairs which hung around his forehead, were moistened with blood, and a gash on the head, of considerable length, although not deep, and through the upper ribs, still remaining, sparkled out the silver stars, like angel messengers telling of heart, and peace.

The hunter immediately applied to his lips the common restoration of those frozen regions. The cordial seemed to revive him, but it was not until the storm almost emptied, that Roland was inspired with a hope of his recovery. The sufferer was soon able to sit alone, and at last, with the aid of the hunter, rose to his feet.

Roland, giving the stranger his arm, slowly retraced his steps, until he gained the main path which led to the village. Then was easily accomplished, as the stars had now come out in all their full splendor. Yet their progress was painful, owing to the weak condition of the benighted.

But as all things in this world must have an end; and this chapter of our narrative must have its, Roland performed what, at last, the door of his humble dwelling.

CHAPTER II.

Morning found the tempest entirely restored. The hunters provided him with their simple fare, of which he partook with a relish, which, to a stranger, would seem strange, but which we have not particularly pleased with his manner. He had a fearless which puzzled them both. As old Peter had assured the stranger's own age, he felt at liberty to address him.

"Sir," said he, "I know him who entertains all for the poor. But, are you not afraid lest night—or you would have perished."

"And what was that?" asked the guest.

"I recognized Roland and long and long ago into as wild a storm."

"Indeed!—and if your son had followed your advice he would have lost his fortune."

Peter and his son stood gazing at each other in a vacant surprise, which could reach to assume the speaker. But Roland rallied and cried.

"What fortune, sir?"

"The fortune of Baron Leone di Monaldi, our Count."

"Our liege lord!" exclaimed Peter and Roland, the one only themselves at the noblemen's feet.

"Rise! Rise! I can pay a debt of gratitude, but I shall be paid!"

The command was of course obeyed.

"Yes," continued the stranger, "I am, Roland, no brave; I am in your keen restless eye the love of adventure, and he our bold virgin you shall have it. Equip yourself, and you will be at once in the service. You will not have my followers, if they have reached home, anxious for my safety any longer, although the villains are late entitled to expect something that they deserted me on the mountain last night. Quick! Quick, I say."

In a few moments the noblemen and Roland departed. The castle was but two leagues distant on one of those peaks of the Alps where the ancient feudatory chieftains loved to entrench themselves. And now we will leave the knight and his companion winding their way along snow-drift and precipice, glittering gloriously in the rays of a morning sun.

CHAPTER III.

The castle to which we have alluded in our last chapter was one of those old structures which were built against time. All the military art of that age had been expended on its defences. There it loomed dark and frowning, and commanding to the spirit of the age which caused its creation. The banner, floating gorgeously above its lofty battlements, spoke in its possessor one of the most powerful nobles.

At the break of day, and before the sun had risen in the heavens, Peter, I found himself struggling up to the portal of the castle. Their dress and peculiar manner of march showed that they had passed through peril and fatigue. Yet, in the entrance, they were joined by others whom Monaldi had spoke, and had, ever since losing their lord in the tempest, been wandering about, until their search in the morning, their surprise in themselves, near their own frowning but welcome fastness.

A host of the hunters—a challenge from the sentinel—and the portcullis fell—the drawbridge was lowered, and the vassals were in the court of the castle.

"The Count!" cried one of the followers. But before any reply could be made, a beautiful girl rushed amid the throng, exclaiming,

"My father! Where is he?"

The speaker was indeed lovely. She had not passed her seventeenth summer, yet her form possessed all that voluptuousness peculiar to the Italian maidens of the age. Her hair flutted in dark, rich masses, over a neck whose whiteness rivalled the snow. Her mantle of fine crimson and her eyes sparkled with that soul-like expression, which of itself confers loveliness over the whole countenance.

Ida di Monaldi was, in truth, most lovely. Her question was answered in such a manner as to satisfy her fears, and the knight was to be appointed to the duty of the court, and she immediately returned to her apartments. But great interest existed in the large crowd of the hunters, and soon all stood deeply engaged in conversation for the rescue of the count. Such a variety of plans, however, were proposed, and so much doubt tendered to the discussion of each, that a voice was heard at the gate before a single stratagem had grasped a sacred for the purpose.

"Our lord, the Count di Monaldi!" joyously exclaimed the warder. Quick as lightning he set Roland more adjusted. His first to his father's embrace, and deeply did Roland clutch the look which she gave him, when the count informed them all, that, in the young hunter, they beheld his deliverer.

The count ordered those of his retainers who had been so negligent or undeserved as to leave him alone in the storm into confinement. But at the prayer of Roland, who dejected to him the ease with which such a circumstance might occur, Monaldi pardoned them.

So Roland has already made friends.

CHAPTER IV.

It was already noon, and the count, holding court in his lordly hall, bade the usher call Roland. In a few minutes the hunter entered.

"Well, my young deliverer," said the knight, "of course you wish to try your fortune. Steering tempests would be a small task after those of the Alps."

Roland's eye darted fire—his whole form seemed to dilate—but he made no reply.

"But! but! What do you mean?" exclaimed the passionate count.

"My father!"

"Ta! ta! mate, has not our castle ample room? He shall live with us."

"Monaldi!" cried the count, in a tone attempted to rebuke the young hunter. For days he lay in his dungeon suffering; but still brave.

Evening found the hunter around the Alps. The bustle in the court yard told that some important event was about to transpire. Yet there was such an event of no astonishment to the retainers. They knew the impetuous nature of their lord and had often seen as well as heard of his wrath. But when the noble assumed the new judge and jury, and to those functions he sometimes even united that of sorrow.

Ida, we have said, may be shocked that the Count di Monaldi had detained Roland to death, yet they must certainly be too familiar with the age in which he lived to be surprised at such a thing. Many had been torn by domestic dissensions for almost a century. Her fair palace had blushed with gore, and her eyes had been blinded by the flash of swords, until, as with all other nations who abandon for way any great length of time the lamed for the sport, she much loved her father's power and the lord of the exiled chieftain.

Thus that youthful in the court-yard caused no wonder, if sport.

Yet was the mind of Monaldi ill at ease. He remembered the hunter's youth and bravery—the night of the storm and the battle field; the flinging of family pride, and a casual presuming to approach a scion of his house, cause in fact enough to call thoughts of mercy. The order was consequently given and Roland stood upon the scaffold. But even now his high heart failed him when the stern voice of the executioner bade him to open or sorrow perceivable on his face; and that was when his eye fell upon Peter, who leaned grasping for support on the arm of a vassal. Roland at the same time sensed for Ida—stationary had confined her also. In his endeavors to seek her out, the form of Monaldi rose above the throng, and with it the voice of Peter. The old lord stood apart, and his scowling brow said to Roland—"Dead—no hope!"

"My lord," cried the doomed man, "I have saved your life more than once, so those here assembled can testify, and I ask but one favor. Let me, I implore you, my grave, I would not exchange his with you. I would still rather be the poor, but honest Roland—once the hunter of the Alps—than the proudest noble in Italy—be remembered. Once before, I said, 'my lord, I am ready!' I repeat it."

All were moved by these words, save the count, who seemed to have

"Farewell then, my father!" cried he, "leave the den of this tyrant as soon as possible; farewell to glorious Italy and farewell to the excursions of Cavaliers. The whole family shared his fate, save this one, whom I rescued; but to my flight being closely pursued, I had him to leave him with Peter, and trembling he turned to Monaldi, and exclaimed in faltering tones,

"My lord, this is your brother's son!"

"Liar!" cried the passionate count, "what case is this?"

"My lord, I repeat it, this hunter is the son of the late Marquis Roland di Monaldi, your own brother!"

"The proof! the proof!" cried the count.

"My lord, I have it here!" cried the brother, pressing to a natural mark on the neck of Roland. "I turned him when a boy and marked it."

The crowded more closely around the scaffold once Monaldi, but Roland still retained his posture like one who had been petrified.

"My lord, count," continued the herdsman, "you will remember that your brother, many years ago, was absent from his castle, and that the estate had been agitated by your sides, farewell,' and his voice sank into a whisper, 'farewell Ida; our fault will be soon atoned!'"

All heard the words, and the count, a herdsman of twenty years standing, heard his look. He started suddenly back, and suffered the instrument of death to drop from his nerveless hand. Pale

playful, becalmed half his head, but only increased his confusion.

Julia, however, came valiantly to her relief, with a tart and dubious compliment to make us young—so very simple and serious. "This is our governess, papa. Miss Evelyn, this is our dear papa."

The Earl started back,—tried to repress his smile,—bowed low to conceal them,—and then taking her hand withdrawn by the latter, welcomed her to the castle.

The word "governess" had acted like a spell upon the Earl's faculties; it mounted her to a sense of the dignity of her situation, and raising modestly and timidly her beautiful form to its full height, she received and enjoyed the compliments of the Earl with a graceful dignity and well-possessed, that astonished her, so much as it awed the poor children. And when, in his courteous way, he begged her pardon for his mistake, in a tone of very gentle and deferential, she found courage, for the first time, to raise her eyes. It was no stern, old, prosy, pedantic noblesse, such as he fears had portrayed, who stood before her, but an elegant man, in the prime of life, with a noble figure and singularly handsome face, full of genius and feeling.

His dark eyes were bent upon her with a gaze of mingled curiosity and admiration; but, as they met hers, he recollected himself, and wishing her and his children good morning, and resigning Willie, as if it were a thing of course, to her arms, (a circumstance, by the way, which he could not help smiling at half an hour after,) he bowed, and he passed on and left them.

And now came innumerable questions from all but the silent George, who contented herself with nestling close to the side of our heroine as they wandered through the grounds—and gazing with her large soft eyes into her face, now dimpled with the light of mirth, now softened into tenderness and now shadowed by a passing thought of "papa, and Lionel, and home."

"And oh!" said Lizzie, "you won't take away my doll and make me study all the time, will you?"

"No, indeed, darling. I would much rather help you down your doll."

"And I may spin my top all day if I like—may I not?" asked Willie.

"Yes, if papa is willing."

"Oh! but papa said he is to obey all your commands."

"Commands, indeed!" said she, "oh, dear, I shall never do for a governess!"

The day passed on in sport. Our heroine's duties were to commence on the next; but she would not allow her fears for the success to interfere with the present delight. In the meantime, the Earl, amid his important duties, was haunted all day by one bewitching image;—a fair sweet face glanced brightly up from every book he opened, from every paper to which he returned; and, in his dreams that night, he led to the altar a second bride, more lovely, more beloved than the first.

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning, as May sat teaching Willie to read with a serious face, through which the rebel dimples would peep in spite of her assumed dignity, while Julia, with a look equally demure, was busied over an Italian book; George drawing, and Lizzie hemming a wee bit kerchief for her doll—for all were of the school-room from the last,

Unseen, he paused at the open door to contemplate the lovely countenance on the governess in her pretty gingham morning dress, with long ringlets unobscured by her face and neck, as she bent over the boy, pointing out to him the word:—Willie to lay aside—one hand holding the book, the other his top, kicking the chair impatiently—often with one foot, then with the other, and looking around every minute to see what his sisters were doing;—George gazing as she drew. Lizzie sitting upright in her little chair, with a doll almost as large as herself on her lap, erect and busy trying the kerchief round its neck to see the effect, and the sample, modest Julia, looking more calm than Watt, with her desk lid smoothly pared—leaning at times her eyes with looks of loving sympathy to those of the youthful mother.

It was indeed a sunny scene; but the silence was broken by the voice of George requesting assistance in her drawing. The young governess rose, and taking her refined pencil, retouched the sketch in a few places in the same time giving the child directions how to finish it. Suddenly the pencil trembled in her hand,—the sweet low voice stopped,—the cheek withered,—and again, and May burst into tears! The Earl had stolen behind them to watch the progress of the drawing. May had left, rather than heard, his approach,—and confused by his presence, had suspected her own deficiency in the art, yet afraid to discontinue her directions at once, her face suffused with blushes, the tear (ye rain to prevent) Little Lizzie saw her tears, and springing from her seat, climbed a chair to raise her sister, exclaiming, "Don't cry! papa won't hurt you! Papa loves you dearly—don't, you, papa?"

Here was a situation! It was now the Earl's turn to color: but his action and manner May, who had as yet known only a father's and a brother's love, did not dream of any other on the present case, on the contrary, she was soothed by the affectionate assurances of the child, and, smiling through her tears, looked up confidingly at the Earl's face. Charmed with the childlike overthrow of her expression he could not resist the impulse, but with almost paternal tenderness, in his, while May, repressed by the gentleness of his manner, hastened to acknowledge her own agreement, and to request his assistance in the sketch before them. This in the full light of all, he willingly consented to give, and when, at two o'clock the governess came to take the children to dinner, she found May seated alone at the table, intent on a newly commenced drawing—the Earl leaning over her chair and pointing out to its progress—Julia on a stool—"Love's Young Dream," and the three children gone to one house where.

The next day, and the next, the Earl was still to be found in the school-room, sometimes spinning Willie's top, sometimes reading an Italian author aloud to his daughter, sometimes looking over the governess's book and with him by her side to the harp or piano. One day he even asked Willie how he liked his new governess? "Oh!" said the boy, "papa is governess now. May is only our cousin; and we are all so happy!"

This passed a year—Julia and May daily improving under their indulgent and unwearied teacher—and participating in their lessons the younger branches of the family. May had confided to Julia all her little history. She had written often to her father, and had received many letters in return. From one of these she learned, to her great joy and surprise, that Lionel had received his commission from some unknown friend. At the same time, her father advised her, as she had engaged for a year, to be contented until the expiration of it. "Contented!"

The last day of the year had arrived.—May had lately been so happy that she had forgotten to think of being separated from those she loved so much.

On the morning of the day, the Earl was in his library, Julia making tea, and May on a low ottoman at his feet, reading aloud the morning paper. Suddenly she turned pale, dropped the paper, and covered her face with her hands. The Earl alarmed, bent tenderly over her, and, taking her hand with fingerful tenderness, he said,—"You know that I love you, May,—how fondly—how fervently—how deeply—how entirely. Are you content you—may you will be mine—with your father's consent, dear May—or are that I may hope?"

Her whole soul was in that question. She raised her head slowly to his, and stopped them instantly beneath his ardent gaze. "Say—speak the answer."

We will tell go together, and look papa, dearest, and now for a turn in the garden. You will not refuse now, Love?" And May Evelyn, blushing and smiling, and half afraid and sure, wondering what "dear papa and Lionel" would say to all this.

It was a lovely evening in the early part of June that while Mr. Evelyn sat dozing in his arm-chair and dreaming of his absent children, a light form rode out the threshold, and where he awoke, his gray hair was mingled with the flowing locks of his own beautiful and beloved May—his head resting on her shoulder, and her lips warm upon his cheek.

"My Lord," said May, demurely, as she entered, with her fairest face in the garden. "I will not venture now. Lord" And May Evelyn, blushing and smiling, and half afraid and sure, wondering what "dear papa and Lionel" would say to all this.

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Congressional News.

SENATE.—Mr. ——. WASHINGTON, Feb. 23, 1842.

Mr. Nicholas presented a memorial from Col. Stevens, of New York, upon the subject of Commercial reciprocity.—The memorial was referred.

The Committee on printing moved the printing of 5000 extra copies of Mr. Wickliffe's letter and the report of the case of the Cowlitz.

Mr. Morgan reported a Bill from the Committee on Naval affairs to build a War Steamer for harbor defence.

The bill was read as in committee of the whole, and ordered to be engrossed.

The bill provides that the steamer shall be mostly of iron, and to build and shield proof—to be of the largest class and not cost more than the average expense for building the steamers of the first class. The number of guns has not been completed. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars are appropriated towards her completion. No objections were made to the consideration of the bill.

Mr. Woodbridge moved a bill regulating the value of the pound sterling at $4.84. Yea 31, Nay 11, and its first and second reading.

The other reports were not important.

Mr. Allen introduced a resolution to rescind the order of the Senate adopted on the 15th of June last, and which was based upon the consideration of executive appointments.

The bill to construct the new war steamer was then finally passed, and sent to the House for concurrence.

The orders for the day were then called for, being the resolutions relative to the New York election.

Mr. Woodbury was entitled to the floor, and gave his views at length in favor of supporting the proposed amendment.

Mr. Woodbury here closed.

Mr. Clayton announced the notice of his intention to address the Senate upon the subject of the resolutions. As the hour was late he moved an adjournment. The motion to adjourn was made to the consideration of the bill.

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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Frontier Journal.

To Jimmie.

I'm bleedin' at the nose, Nannie,
I'm 'mazin' t' the eye;
I'm deaf in both my ears, Nannie,
And crazy as the deel!
I look that soothin' word, Nannie,
Which makes me all my sin;
And cheer I'll be free to have Nannie,
When cheer years are gone.

My heart is broken quite, Nannie,
My locks are turnin' gray;
My neck is stiff as steel, Nannie,
My feet is numb as clay;
They gloomin' on thy face, Nannie
My head in two did tear,
One gentle look o' love, Nannie,
Would mend it up, ay sure!

The words ye last conversed, Nannie,
Still in my bosome dwell;
Nor they shore ere there, Nannie,
Ye're there ere sure ye!
Then say my dearone Nannie,
Must I thy love resign?
Shall nor this heart be luck'd Nannie,
With Hymen's chains to time?

I'll go thee's new gown, Nannie,
And speak ye to the fair;
I'll buy a yard o' lace, Nannie,
Ye bid' crossed your ear!
I'll hae your temptin' nose, Nannie,
And pensue your dushing e'e;
If ye will but listen, Nannie
For once to marry me.

I hae a little cot, Nannie
Adown the blooming' brae;
Where nonsuy sleep by night, Nannie,
And fatal e'er day.
We'll walk by moonsight, Nannie,
The tender flowers enjoy
An' light shall be our hearts, Nannie,
An' never shall be so sorry
Then look thee soothin' word, Nannie,
Which makes thee all so sin.
And cheer I'll free to have, Nannie,
When cheer years are gone.
I'm t' 'mazin' in the e'e, Nannie,
I'm deaf in both my ears, Nannie,
And crazy mad for thee!

Gleanings.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and easier lost, for the most part it makes a virtuous widow, and ages a little out of countenance. But yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush.

Beauty is best in a body that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect. The beautiful prove accomplished, but not of great sport, and not of the most part rather behaviour than virtue.

A beautiful face is a silent commendation.

Of all the senses of a man's that, his marriage does least concern other people; yet, of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

Marriage is a desperate thing—the frogs, in *Æsop*, were extremely wise—they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the water, because they could not get out again.

Who, in the same given time, can produce more than many others, has vigor; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

Who, without present temptation, tells a lie will, without pressing temptation, act ignobly and meanly.

Who, under pressing temptation to lie, adheres to truth, not to produce betrays aught of a sacred trust, is near the summit of wisdom and virtue.

Give thyself to compunction and contrition of heart, and thou shalt find devotion.—Compunction opens the way to much good, whereof devotion is soon come to be used.—Strive manfully. Custom is overcome by custom.

He who wilfully makes enemies is not merely bereft—he is fated into the bargain. It is just as easy to make friends as to make foes.

Mahomet.

Carlyle thus speaks of the great convert:—"From an early age he had been remarked as a thoughtful man. His companions named him 'Al Amen—The Faithful.' A man of truth and fidelity true in what he did, in what he spoke and thought. They noted, too, he always meant something: a man rather taciturn in speech; silent when there was nothing to be said, but pertinent, wise and eager even when he did speak—always throwing light on the matter. This is the only sort of speech worth speaking! Through life we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man. A serious, sincere character; yet withal cordial, companionable, jocose, even—a good laugh in him withal; there are men whose laugh is in sorrow as any thing about them—who cannot laugh. One hears of Mahomet's honest—is fine expressive honest face, brown florid complexion, beaming black eyes—I mention, too, like that trait on the brow, which swelled up black when he was in anger, like the 'horseshoe vein' in Homer's Achilles, passionate, yet just true meaning man. Full of wild fancy, fire and light; of wild words withal, unrestrained; wording out his life-task in the depths of the desert there.

Language of the Flowers.

The handbook presented to Mrs. Charles Dickens, at the famous Bat ball, given on St. Valentine's eve, at the Tuileries, was prepared by Theophile Bun. It consisted of the following specimens:

Amaranthus—Immortality.
American Starwort—Welcome.
Angelica—Inspiration.
Bay wreath—Reward of Merit.
Broom Corn—Neatness—Goodness.
Campanula—Gratitude.
Cactus, or Red Rose—Popular favor.
Dropleaf Cactus—Secrets to be Sweet.
Everlasting—Never-ceasing remembrance.
Everlasting Pea—Lasting pleasure.
Moss Rose—Pleasure without alloy.
Pansy, or Heart's Ease—Think of me.
Yellowcress Japonica—May you be happy.
White Immortelle—Amabilities.
White Pink—Talent.
Small Perennial Sunflower—Attachment.
Acacia Rose—Friendship.

Which can be more eloquent than the welcome spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens in the beautiful language of the flowers. The orators of the earth could not make so expressive a speech as that spoken by these simple beauties. "Welcome" in a single day was not uttered like one of these."

Baldness or Ice at Niagara Falls.—The sinner below the great cataract presents at this time a most singular appearance, being completely embridged over from the foot of Table Rock to the declivity of a mound, by a solid arch of ice of immense thickness, which has been crossed daily by travellers and visitors for a week past, or more. The ice, broken into very fine pieces as the passage over the Falls, has risen up below in such quantities and with such force, that the mass has been elevated to less than thirty-five feet above the common level of the river, and frozen solidly together by the unceasing spray, presents a freshness with occasional luxuries several feet in length, of great depth. No permanent seats his wonderful fairy creation of nature, but a small building has been erected on it and occupied as a cafe.

Lord Somers.—In an article in a late Foreign Quarterly, we find the following facts: "In one of the Harleian MSS. is related to an ancestor of the Lord Joseph Denny, a young gentleman of Hart Hall, who sang a song artificially, 'one passion,' 'wide mentioned,' 'and all an octave,' so very strongly, and yet naturally strange, that he appointed if not excelled the loudest organ. He performed this in the presence of his friend, and it came to him at first upon 'entertaining his score.' Many memorial records remember Richard Norther took glorious singer at the old Ancient Concerts, who boasted that he broke a pane of glass in the hall of Trinity College, Dublin, by the concussion of his harsh tenebrous voice."

The Latest Kick.—A country editor has his upon the newest method of paying for advertisements into his paper that the last stretch of ingenuity could devise. He goes daily to his dentist, telling off everybody who don't advertise with him, who are obliged to put cards in the paper immediately, and assure the public that they are not dead! This is running an Allopathic mill upon new and scientific principles.

A Just Retort.—A soldier came to General Fernandez, and told him that he thought a fortune of his estate might be made with the loss of the first man on which Gonzale said—" But will you be one of them?"

A Great Eater.—I have a great eat, a monster fel eat," said a musician, to the curator of menageries.

"So has a jackass!" was the abrupt expectation in reply.

A Poor Lamb.—But looks as if she was fed through a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy she was going to whistle.

Hollo.—The Dutch are so clever for bulls as other people. "I be last two cowes," said Mynheer, "and von took a calf, and two took a bull."

Wellington.—"Oh! my offence is rank!" as the great soul when he was pelted by the populace.

From the Knickerbocker, for March.

Grand-Father's Port-Folio.

BY

The manuscript from which the following tale is extracted bore no date, and no internal mor external marks by which I can ascertain the year when the journey was undertaken, in the course of which my grandfather became interested spectator of the scene which he describes. Indeed, I am unable to affirm that it is narrative of facts. All the information which I possess in relation to the matter may be had before the reader in a very few words. One of my aunts, my grand-father's eldest daughter, became the wife of a gentleman who possessed a large tract of land in Ohio. Being an enterprising and brave man, and finding a proportionate companion in his youthful partner, he resolved to strike into the wilderness, and lay the foundations of their future home amidst the grand forests of the West. Whether my grand-father ever haunted the Ridgeway and people of a journey to his daughter's residence is a circumstance upon which I cannot undertake to decide. Certain it is, that I find among his papers several short stories like the following, whose scene is laid in the West. These, however, are all of them destitute of those exact local descriptions, that community of narrative, and that fixture of time and place, which naturally attach to the records of an actual tour. Beside, I have ascertained that the good old man was not one what addicted to romancing, and drew largely upon his imagination for the interlude between the more serious and worthmore engagements of his professional labor. If therefore I should seem to the reader that the subjoined tale has more the air of fiction than of fact, I am at liberty to use the own better judgment in deciding a question, the answer to which, whatever it may be, will not I hope be prejudicial to the interest of the simple story that I frankly trust will be found worthy of a place in the Knickerbocker, even without suspicion it is ushered into notice.

The Backwoodsman's Sacrifice.

I have been jogging on my equestrian journey for three successive days, following out every path that has opened invitingly before me; suffering myself to be turned aside by the smallest thing; tracing a brook or ascending a hill; penetrating a deep shade, chasing a sunbeam led on by fragrant air to the quiet home of the wild flowers and birds.

The journey of to-day has been more delightful and exhilarating than the preceding ones. The path which I have travelled since the morning has been pursued at random; one only star presiding over its direction, and that the sweet promise of seclusion. It has been winding about nearly the whole day's distance in the deep shade of a majestic forest, like which New England has none; whether in respect to the grandeur of its regal individuals or to the vastness of its grave and reverend community. The air has been bland and genial as even Tennessee, that is proverbially the sweetest garden of the earth; and yet so unpretending as ever knew the presence of a breeze. I was enough, while it has labored into her bearing beneath a life of health, whose source she does not think to inquire into, any more than to pause in her delicious inhalation to ask herself if she *is* happy.

It has been one of those rare and precious days for whose bestowal all that I can say is a solemn thanksgiving, when life itself is gratitude. One of those days when there seems to be a conspiracy of the spirit of Love; so that even the most misanthropical and pertinaciously-wretched of hearts is unperceptibly wrought out of its self-involved meditations, and made to join in the universal sympathy. Even the squirrels, who play dances, and the dull eye lightens up, and the marble cheek grows rosy; and the whole island lake, while its waters seemed to have stayed their course for the day, and they would have loved to linger in the cool shade for ever; and the very air has responded up its forces into itself, and darted by, a bare the impending shores pressed more rudely against the sky, as if they would have by their fresh check its joyous and natural career.